THE MONTANA COPPER KING

His Wonderful Anaconda Property on Which He Has Spent \$40,000,000.

BOUGHT THE ALICE MINE FOR A SONG

The Biggest Copper Mines and Smelters in the World-Marcus Daly's Horse Farm and Bets Which Netted Him \$57,000.

ANACONDA, Mont., May 3 .- | Correspondence of THE BEE]-By all odds the most striking character in Montana today is Marcus Daly, the famed Anaconda millionaire, the cele brated horse owner and the chief of the copper kings of the United States. No one knows how much Daly is worth. He owns a bank or so, an electric railroad, a big hotel. something like \$1,000,000 worth of horses and lands, and he has, I am told, a one-fourth interest in the Anaconda copper mines, which are the biggest and best paying of any in the known universe. The army of employes who work under him is as large in number as that which Xenophon led in the famous retreat described in the Anabasis, and his pay roll runs into the tens of thousands of dollars per day. Still, he came to the United States a poor boy, and when he landed at San Francisco at the age of 13 he had not a cent in his pocket, and he trotted up and down the board walks for three or four days seeking a job. He looked in vain, until about the end of the fourth day he saw an old farmer in a wagon driving through the streets. He stopped him and said, "Haven't you got something out at your place that I

"Well, I don't know, young man. What can you do!" "I can do anything," replied young Daly.

"Can you dig taters?

"Yes, I can," said Daly, and the man thereupon told him to get into the wagon and he took the boy home to his ranch This was some place east of Oakland and Daly dug potatoes for the old rancher for three weeks. He said it nearly broke his back, but he stuck to it until he got a little money, and then, boy as he was, he started for the mines. He grew up surrounded by gold and silver and he soon developed a wonderful ability as an expert miner. When the Comstock lode was discovered he was in Nevada. He had by this time become acquainted with Mackay, Flood and O'Brien and they made him the foreman of that mine. After working here for some time he drifted to Salt Lake and was engaged there by the Waiker brothers, who have, you know, owned some of the most famous mines of our history. He served them as a mining expert, and it was about sixteen years ago that he was sent by them from Utah to Montana to eqpert the "Alice" mine.

"How Marcus Daly"Bought a Mine. The Alice mine is one of the most famous in Montana. It has produced millions of dollars worth of gold and silver. Its output for 1891 was nearly a million and it is still worked at a great profit. At the time that the Walker brothers thought of buying it the stock had fallen very low. They knew that it would rise at once if it was known that they wanted it and Daly was sent here to find out all about it. He came to Butte City as a miner. He was dressed in rough clothes and pretended that he was dead broke and wanted work. He went to the old Continental hotel and pretended to look for work a week, but failed to get it and told the landlord that he had no money to pay his board. This seemed strange to the landlord, as all miners were well paid and there was a great demand for extra hands. The landiord said, "Well, I will see if I can't get you a job." He then went down to the Lexington mine and got a place for Daly, and told him about it. Mr. Daly said, "I am a little particular about my work, but I will go down and look at the lob." He did so and came back the same day and said that the mine was too wet, and that as his lungs were not strong he teared to go to work in it. He then loafed around for another week, and the landlord, getting e desperate still about the payment of his board, went out and found him another job. Daly looked at it, worked in it for two days and then came came back and said that the mine was not timbered properly, and that he would not work it. Now the board bill for three weeks was due and the land lord got hot. He went up to Walkerville and got Daly a job in the Alice mine. He told the Walkerville owners that he had a man loating around at his place for whom he wanted work long enough to pay his three weeks board bill. They gave him the job and he came back to Daly. He swore at Daly upon his return, telling him he was too d-n particular about his work and too d-n easy about his eating. He said that he had got him another job and that he wanted him to take it and stick to it. As Daly heard him say that the work was in the Alice mine his heart must have jumped, but there was not a change in his features and he only

Well. I will go and look at it." It was the opportunity he had waited for and he took his place as an ordinary miner in the Alice. He worked for three weeks, inspecting the property as he dug and mined, and at the end of that time he threw up the job and left Butte City. Six weeks later he came to the surface as manager of the property. The Walkers, at his advice, bought the mixed and the property. the mine and they put him at its head. Millions in Copper.

While Mr. Daly was managing this he was looking about for other mines on his own ac-count, and he invested in a number of silver mines. I asked him yesterday whether he had ever made any money in silver mines and he replied that he had, but he did not give me the figures. Among the mines he bought was the Anaconda mine, for which he paid, I think, \$30,000. It was begun as a silver mine, but after running down 120 feet the lead developed into one of the biggest copper veins on record. Up to this time not much attention was paid to copper, but Daly organized a company and went to work in this mine. The company consisted of J. B. Haggin of California, the late Senator George Hurst, Marcus Daly and one or two others, and it has materially added to the millions of these well known millionaires. I can't give you any adequate idea of the enormous extent of these great mines. Two thousand miners are employed in the mines day and night, and within the last ten years the enormous sum of \$40,000,000 has been spent by Daly in wages and in works for operating these mines. All of this money has come out of the mines, and no one but the owners know how much more the mines have paid. The stock is not for sale and the Anaconda mines and smelters form a close corporation. The lumber which is used each month for operating the mine would make a board walk two fect wide from Washington to Philadelphia, and 100 cords of wood are eaten up each day in the mine. Three thousand tons of ore are shipped out from the mines daily, and every-thing connected with them is done after the latest methods with the finest of improved machinery and on a gigantic scale.

The World's Biggest Smelter.

These mines are located at Butte City, but the ore is all brought about thirty seven miles here to Anaconda to be smelted, and the biggest smelting works in the world are here. I went through them today. They wall the sides of the mountain, covering more than eighty acres of space with vast buildings packed full of machinery. Great brick chimneys one-third as high as the Washington monument pierce the sky as they stand on the tops of the mountains above them, and these are connected with the works by flues so large that you could drive a wagon load of hay through them without touching the walls. This is to give the proper draught. There are vast engines the proper draught. There are vast engines and great boliers and a wilderness of machinery. The fly wheels of the engines are as high as a three-story house and the power is conducted by cables of steel which run from one elevation to another up the sides of the mountain. I cannot describe the machinery except to say that the ore-producing Snapper Garrison on Tammany which was

rock, containing copper, gold and silver, as pounded into a mush with great stamps and then filtered and refiltered, run through process after process, until at last it comes out in the shape of a metal sand, which is taken to other works and reduced to metal. I remember one room on which this sand ran over aundreds of great tables almost as big around as a small circus tent, and these were washed by a running stream of water in such a way that the refuse went off into pipes, while the copper ore remained on the tables. In other vast rooms covering acres were hundreds of grinding machines which made a noise like a sewing machine, and there were acres of settling vats and of al-most every imaginable kind of machinery.

The Atmosphere of Bell.

I drove from here to the smerting works and walked through vast rooms filled with fumes of sulphur, which made you feel as though a bushel of matches were being burned under your nose, and saw the roast ing of this copper in great iron coffee pots five times as big as the largest hogshead you five times as big as the largest hogshead you have ever seen and watched the reddish golden metal pour out in streams and run off in cakes the size of a center table or in blocks like those in which pig iron is cast. A great many of these processes are secret and electricity is now being used to separate the gold and silver from the copper. The amount of gold and silver in this Anaconda copper is such that it is believed that it will eventually bear the cost of refining and the copper will be pure profit. It takes about copper will be pure profit. It takes about 2,000 men to work this smelter, and the wages paid them are from \$2.50 upward per day. Everything is done on the strictest business methods, but Daly's treatment of his men is such that he never has a strike, and they stand up for him through thick and thin. It is this fact that makes him such a great power among the people in Montana. He has thousands of employes. and his friends are legion. I visited the smelter at noon, and a curious sight was that of the men cooking beefsteak on hot shovels which they rested on the kettle of molten copper. How Marcus Daly Looks.

I met Mr. Daly during my stay here and had an hour's chat with him. He looks a good deal like Proctor Knott of Kentucky, save that his hair and mustache are gray rather than white and his head is slightly larger than Knott's. He is a blue-eyed, rosy-faced frishman of about 55 years of age. He dresses simply and there are no frills or turbelows about him. He is full of vigor and when I rode with him from Butte to Anaconda the other day on the train he wore a soft hat, a rough chinchilla overcoat. a pair of pantaloons which were decidedly without the creases of the New York dude and his shoes were covered with a pair of rubbers spattered with the mud of Butte City. I found him a good talker and full of plain, practical, everyday common sense. He has a bit of a brogue, but his laugh is a hearty one and he evidently enjoys life. Marcus Daly is married and he has a very nandsome wife and delightful family. He has two daughters who are going to scho in Paris and his boy, Marcus Daly, jr., and his youngest daughter, Hattie, a pretty little girl of 7 or 8, are with their motner at the Anaconda hotel. Mrs. Daly has been the Anaconda hotel. Mrs. Daly has been married twenty years, yet she does not look over 35 and she has as much common sense as her husband. Mr. Daly is especially fond of Hattie. He has named one of his horses after her and his palace car bears her name. This car cost something like \$40,000. It has bed rooms, pariors, kitchens and bath rooms, and is used by the family when they travel. As for Marcus Daly himself he rides in any kind of a car, and the family live here in Anaconda in the simplest kind of style. This hotel cost something like \$200,000 and skept up at a big cost. It is owned by Daly, but his rooms in it are as plainly furnished as those of many of his employes' pariors, and his habits are simple in the extreme. He rises at about 6:30 in the morning, takes a cup of coffee and a beefsteak and is at work before many of his employes are up. He works fast, deciding quickly on everything and showing great executive ability. There is no red tape about his office. Any one who has ousiness with him can get to him at once and he will not beat about the bush, but comes to business with you at once. He discharges his obligations promptly and always keeps his ness with you at once. He discharges his obligations promptly and always keeps his engagements. Though he is worth many millions he has entire charge of his great mine property and attends to this in addition to his other business and his private investments. I am told that there are more than 10,000 dependent upon his orders daily, and he has lumber mills and wood cutters and adds daily to the whole a first-class newspaper here at Anaconda. The Anapers in the west and though it is run at a loss it has the best and latest news. I am told that Mr. Daly controls \$25,000,000 worth of property in Montana and it is said that the Anaconda property would bring \$35,000,000 any day. His monthly pay roll for labor here in Anaconda alone is more than \$160,-

000 and he pays \$50,000 a mouth for the coal Daly's Famous Horse Farm.

Marcus Daly has some of the fastest norses in the world, and he has a horse farm not far from here which contains about \$1,000,000 worth of horses, and which in-cludes 4,000 acres. He is building a big frame ouse on this now, which will have about twenty-nine rooms, and he says he expects to retire here when he gets tired of work. He has ideas of his own with regard to his horses, and I had an interesting conversa-tion with him teday about them. I asked him if he expected to make money out of his horses, or if his racing stock was not merely one of the luxuries of a millionaire. He re

"Of course I expect to make money out of them. No one in Montana goes into luxuries of that kind for the fun of the thing, and if I really thought I could not make a profit out of my stables I would sell them tomorrow. I have a theory that the state of Montana will produce the best horses of the world, and I am testing it. The climate here is cold in the winter, but the air is pure, and it inreases the lung power of the horses. I am old that the boys nere at 10 years require suits of clothing as large as those worn by a 2-year-old boy of the east. The air expands their lungs and they grow big chests, and the same is so of horses. As to the coldness of the climate and the charge that colts will not grow here in the winter, if this is true I expect to overcome it by good stabling and good food. Our grass here is better than that of California or Kentucky, and it makes better bones and better feet. I am buying the very best of stock, and so far my stables

are doing very well, "How are they managed?" "My farm is run on the same business principles as are the mines and smeiters, Everything is systematized and kept in book shape. Every saddle and bridle is charged and if a halter strap is broken it has to be brought back before a new one can be given out. I know to a cent what everything costs, and I keep two sets of books, one of my racing and the other of my breeding stables. I have weekly reports, and I know just exactly on what horses I am making and

A Fortune in Horse Racing.

"How did your stables pay last year?" ! "Fairly well," was the reply. "They netted me something like \$127,000 and they cost me \$72,000. I paid \$10,000 for Tammany when I bought him as a yearling. He won \$78,000 last year and he will probably win at least \$50,000 this season. He is now three years old, and I will take him off the track after this season and breed him. To show you bow I run the stables: When I bought Tammany I of course charged the racing stables with him. All the expense of keeping him has been charged to him, as well as every other item that he has cost I also charge against him 6 per cent on the mount invested in him, and the difference etween the cost and the amount he brings gives me the profit I make out of him. When I take him over to the breeding stables I will charge the breeding stables \$50,000 for him and will credit that amount to the racing stables. A regular record will be kept of

his colts, and he ought to produce thirty or forty a year, which at eleven months old will be worth \$1,000 apiece, and in some cases will bring as high as \$10,000 each.
will only keep the best colts of any of my breeding and I regularly weed out the culls. Each of these colts will be charged in turn and the two stables will be kept entirely separate, so you see I can tell to a 'T' just where I am making or losing."

Daly on Horse Trainers, Marcus Daly has the best horse trainers

cently made for Mr. Daly. Mr. Daly said: "I think good horse trainers are born, not made. They must have an intuitive knowledge of the horse and a good trainer is a rare man. We never allow our horses to be abused or awern at on the farm. Of course, it is different in a race; then the jockeys sometimes cut the life almost out of them.

The Racer Versus the Trotter.

"How about the trotter, Mr. Daly? You have a number of fine trotting horses." "No, not now," was the reply. "I am clos-ng out my trotting stock as fast as possible. don't believe that trotting is legitimate sport. It is the result of mechanical training and mechanical breeding. I prefer to devote myself to running stock and I believe that there is more money in it. The earning capacity of a running horse is much greater."
"How about record? Has it reached its

"No. I believe not. I expect to see a mile trotted in two minutes before I die." "How about the racing record? Will that

That is hard to say," said Marcus Daly. "It is true a phenomenal horse may come which will cut it down below 1.35, the record now held by Salvator. There is a limit to the physical possibility of a horse and 1.35 is very fast time."

English Horses Can't Beat Us. I here told Mr. Daly that I had visited the stables of North, the nitrate king, in England last summer and I asked him what he thought of the horses which North had sent

"I don't believe that they will be able to danything," was his reply. "They are not acclimated and English horses can do little in America for the first year. The tracks are hard for them and they cannot do them-selves justice. North has some horses which are good in England, but if I am not mistaken they would be considered second-rate in America. England can make a better in America. England can make a better strain of blood than we can and we go there for our thoroughbreds, but we can breed better borses here, put new life into them by feeding and take them back and beat them on their own track."

\$57,000 on the Brooklyn Suburban.

"Speaking of business again, Mr. Daly, do you ever bet on your horses?"

"Yes. I do," was the reply, "but I don't put my winnings and losings down to the profit or loss of my stables. I invest in bets upon my horses just as I would on stock which I thought was going up. I back them for what I think they are your and I made for what I think they are worth and I made \$57,000 on the Brooklyn Suburban last year, but this matter goes into my private expense account and it is not set down against the horses."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Mr. T. W. Keene's next tour begins Sep-tember 1, when "Macbeth," "The Fool's Reenge" and "King John" will be added to his repertoire.

Stuart Robson has decided to revive "The Comedy of Errors" next season, and with this in view has engaged Giles Shine to play the second Dromio

George W. Chadwick, professor of music at Harvard college, said to be America's greatest composer, is but 35 years of age. He played a church organ when a boy. John Stetson finds "The Crust of Society" a source of great profit. He had four com-panies performing it last week—in Boston, Philadelphia, Omaha and New England.

Helene Mora, who has a remarkable singing voice—aimost a baritone—and knows how to use it, is to star next season in a new musical farce entitled "Comrades." William H. Crane asserts that he cleared \$300,000 out of Lloyd & Rosenfeld's play, "The Senator," and that a good portion of

the money is safely invested in real estate. New York is soon to have a daily dramatic newspaper. It is to be called the New York Daily Figaro, and it will be edited by Charles Leonard Fletcher and Mr. Davidson, both of

Joshua Phippen, who recently received the prize of \$200 offered by the National Conservatory of Music for the best piano-forte concerto, was born in Salem, Mass., and is 35 years old.

According to a report in a dramatic paper a company playing "Uncle Tom's Cabin" re-cently stranded in Lockbort because Little Eva attached the box-office receipts to buy her eldest son a new suit of clothes.

Carrie Turner will retire from "The Crust of Society" after the Schiller engagement and go to Boston for John Stetson's production of 'Led Astray." She will be succeeded in "The Crust" by Elita Proctor Otis. Miss Mary E. Linck, a graduate of the

Chicago conservatory, has just returned from England, where she made a brilliant professional debut with the Carl Rosa opera company, with whom she has engaged for a period of three years. Felix Weingartner, the young conductor of the Berlin Royal opera, is now named as the

man who will succeed Mr. Niksch as con-ductor of the Boston Symphony orchestra, Hans Richter having been forbidden, it is understood, to leave Austria. The youngest successful playwright in America, and probably in the world, is visit-ing in New York now. His name is Paul

Kester, and he has not yet passed his 21st birthday. Modjeska produced his "Countess Rondine" and Salvini will shortly give "The Last of the Moors." Tinel, the composer of the oratorio, "St.

Francis," which was recently sung in New York with great success, is at work on a new religious cantata, "Sainte Godelieve," the music of which will prove to be of an enirely different character from that by which he is generally known. The actresses have a club of their own,

which has been incorporated under the law of New York state as the Twelfth Night club. Its objects are the study of the drama by, and the mutual benefit of and promotion of, social intercourse among women who are on the stage, or students of, interested in, or patrons of dramatic art. Six or eight years ago, says Dixey, a bur-lesque on the production of which \$5,000 was

spent would have created a sensation; today anywhere from \$20,000 to \$40,000 is necessary to make a production in New York which the public will go to see. Therefore it will be readily seen that burlesque cannot go much further in the way of spending money A pianist, Henri Falcke, has created a senby his remarkable performances in The critics are unanimous in pro-

nouncing him one of the greatest living pinnists and in praising his marvelous tone and technic. He has also appeared at the concerts at La Trompette, Paris, and the Gewandhaus in Leipsic with equal success. Mr. Irving has resolved not to take "King ear' on a tour in the United States. The character of Lear is one which makes such great physical demands upon him as to rener the play hardly suitable for touring pur-oses. The chief parts which Mr. Irving will play in America are the two cardinals

Becket and Wolsey) besides, of course, those in his ordinary repertoire. Although Mme. Modjeska has but one child she has reared and educated five nieces and nephews. It is in her California home, twenty miles from a railway station, that she has set up her lares and penates and it is about her ingleside that she gathers her six children. She says that the happiest part of her life is in "Arden." as she calls her place from the fact that it fuifills the ription of the forest of Arden in "As

Julia Marlowe was not much more than a chorus girl in "Pinafore;" Agnes Hunting-ton climbed from the lowest round of the ladder in the old Boston Ideal Opera com-pany: Edith Kingdon (now Mrs. George Gould) marched once as an amazon in "Jalma;" Loie Fuller was released by Ru-dolph Aronson from an engagement in the Casino chorus to accept an offer from Nat Goodwin, with whom in "Little Jack Shep-pard" she made her first big hit; Anna O'Keefe came from the same apprenticeship; Belle Archer began her professional career as Cousin Hebe in a "Pinafore" chorus : Grace Golden, Della Fox, Laiu Glasser, Louise and Cecile Eissing, and even Lillian Russell began

at the very bottom.

John Douglass, whose Henley regatta scene in "A Dark Secret" was thought to be a great thing in the way of stage realism, has surpassed himself in his new play, "No-Man's Land," now running at the London Grand. Eerly in the piece there is real water to carry the real boat that bears the here from the lonely island where villainy has planned he shall starve and die, and there is real water for the storm of rain that is to descend while the thunder roars and the flash-lights make lightning flashes that are just like the real article. In the last act there is real water to dash and foam about the artificial weir, and there is real water to represent the river into which the heroine is thrown, and into which her female friend takes a header to her deliver-

WITH THE BOXERS

A Few Sober Words on the Decline of the

SOUNDS THE

Annals of the Game-From 1719 to 1893 Fistic Evolution—The Doings of the Day Matches and Matches Talked Of.

That the respectable element of the country has sickened and tired of prize fighting is a fact that will require a most muscular argument to refute. It may sound anomalargument to refute. It may sound anomalistic to mention respectability in connection with a sport so degrading and generally deprecated, to ignore its unlawful phase, but there is nothing strange or irregular about the association. It is a notorious fact that the vast crowd which assembled in New Orleans last September to witness the novelty of a fact coursely was as representative a of a fistic carnival was as representative a gathering as one would meet at an annual fair, a political convention or a conclave of any of the numerous brotherhoods. The sporting or fancy proportion was of such dimensions—and notwithstanding there was not a city in the country but mensions—and notwithstanding there was not a city in the country but what was liberally represented—to even be denominated as infinitesimal compared with those from the commercial and professional walks of life. The sport, fakir, gambler and crook were most inconspicuous—in fact they were very small potatoes and few in a heap when shaken up and mixed with the vast concourse of merchants, shopmen lawyers doctors, bankers and cap-

shopmen, lawyers, doctors, bankers and cap-italisis who had gravitated to the Crescent City ostensibly on business, but literally in City ostensibly on business, but literally in the pursuit of the pleasure and excitement they hoped to derive by pressing up against the ropes of the much berated prize ring. And then I might add too, correctly and with all due deference for the cloth, that it was not sporting, business and professional men alone who viewed the sanguinary scenes enacted in the Olympic's unballowed squared circle last autumn, but men whose vocation is to guide and uplift, to expound the truths of the good book and reveal the glories of a life without sin. Even, it is said, one of the gladiators before making his debut upon the ground of strife received the benediction of one of these ministerial onlookers in of one of these ministerial onlookers in Venice. Without imputing corrupt motives, let us hope that this part of the crowd, like Dr. Parkhurst, was in quest of enlighten-ment in the ways of the wicked in order that they might hear the confessions of the sin-ful world and be better prepared to lead aright the lost and astray.

What I have written in the foregoing paragraph is simply in justification of my implied assertion that a respectable element of society has had some considerable associimplied assertion that a respectable element of society has had some considerable association with the prize ring. It may have been experimental only, for it looks now as if the sport had reared itself like a vision in phantasmagoria to plague respectability and they will have no more of it. Everywhere they are the conservators of good order and the rigors of the law are being urged and importunated in all corners of the land and the prize fighter is nearly at the end of his tether. The glory of all the big metropolitan has departed or is swiftly and surely on the wane. New Orleans stands alone, a city in which an event of any considerable general interest could be pulled off, and in this connection I quote from a letter received but yesterday from a business friend, a prominent sugar, molasses' and rice man of the city by the gulf: "Like a majority of respectable citizens I have acquired a supreme disgust for the prize fighter and his business and a welcome sound is the ringing of the bell that is to call them down for years to come. The next legislature in this state will put an end to all their hopes in Louisiana, but unfortunately is does not meet for a year. When it does meet, however, it will be all day good and hard for the fighting fraana, but unfortunately is does not meet for a year. When it does meet, however, it will be all day good and hard for the fighting fraternity. California has already closed her doors against them and New York is sure to follow; then these 10 to 40 m fighters will be tickled to death to run against a free lunch."

Even P. J. Donohue, the capable sporting editor of the New York Recorder, and a man who has done much—even more than any one man I can mention—to perpetuate and ele-vate the sport reluctantly acknowledges: The history of the prize ring is replete with lessons, but I fear the students of the game have not studied their own interests, and I now see indications that the old story of the man who killed the goose that story of the man who killed the goose that layed the golden eggs is to be duplicated. The game has been the hobby of patricians, has been fostered by the nobility of Eng-land and patronized by the gentlemen of America, but there are evidences that it is on the decline. The professors of the game, always avaricious, have played hard and fast and loose with the coin producers and the

atter are getting weary.
In the first year we have had several matches that were financial failures, as far as the promoters were concerned. The most notable of these was the Hall and Fitzsim-mons fight at New Orleans. Recently we have had several so-called amateur tourneys which proved to be nonpaying ventures. As straws show which way the wind blows, so does the resuit of amateur events (so called) show which way the boxing game is going, and if I do not mistake the signs the game is on the decline.

Ninety-seven years ago pugliism became an American game. Ninety-seven years pre-viously the game was established in England

viously the game was established in England and a champion was proclaimed.

In the 174 years between 1719 and 1893 there have been two epochs, the installation of Figg as champion in 1719 and the victory of Jake Hyer over Tom Beasley in America in 1816. In that period, however, the changes in the rules of the ring and the incidents which make its history have been such as to cause wonder at the kaleidoscopic such as to cause wonder at the kaleidoscopic aspect of affairs as seen through the glass to-

We had the era of bare knuckle fights patronized by the nobility. We know of Parliament adjourning to permit its members to witness prize ring battles. We know of the introduction of boxing gloves, of the revision of rang rules preventing a slip down to avoid a blow. We know also of the origi-nation of the Queensberry code, of its ap-plication to professional contests, of the ad-vent of Sullivan and the era of knock-outs. For who can deny that John L. revolution-ized the style of fighting and proved that a satisfactory settlement of affairs could be had in short order?

We have seen champions rise, fall and pass away, only to be forgotten when the last clod of clay was thrown on their coffins. We have seen or known of serious accidents in the ring and have in one case, at least, a man acknowledged as a champion who never won a battle.

The vast interests controlled by boxer The vast interests controlled by boxers today would astound champions of a half century ago. Today "mugs" get small fortunes when fighting before the "club offering the largest purse," and in almost every case the purses are greater than the main stakes for which tried professionals and ac-knowledged champions competed in the days gone by. Just consider that Henry Sellers beat P. Corcoran for the champion-ship of England in 1776 for \$50, and then consider that Dixon and Griffin hesitate to fight for less than \$10,000, and with gloves at that. Just consider that John (Gentleman) that. Just consider that John (Gentleman) Jackson, the pal of the prince of Wales, got only \$1,000 for beating Dan Mendoza ninety-eight years and nine days ago today, and that the only material honor given him (outside the coin) was the making of a plaster cast of his right arm, which was placed in the royal museum. As a contrast, consider Hall and Fitzsimmons boxing with gloves for three rounds for \$40.000. How gloves for three rounds for \$40,000. How odd it would seem if a plaster cast of the head of a victorious boxer was made nowa-days for a dime museum. It is long odds that as a big thing in plaster the head of the nodern fighter would exceed in size the arm of the hero of 1776.

And now for what is going on. Well Stanton Abbott, Ergland's champion light-weight who came across a couple of weeks ago dead bent on measuring strength with ago dead bent on measuring strength with Jack McAuliffe, the champion of all champ-ion lightweights, has furnished Gotham a line on his capacity. At Dom McCaffrey's Madison Square garden show the other evening, Abbott was pitted for a four-round contest with Jack Hopper, which, however, only lasted one and a haif, for in that time enly lasted one and a half, for in that time the American was put into a preludatory state of death. The Briton knocked him senseless with a loft smash in the jaw, and the universal opinion engendered was that he is one of the peo-ple after all, yet not nearly good enough to

be classed with America's redeubtable champion. Abbott is particularly handy with his left and altogether quite a likely chap, although his performance with Hopper is a meager criterion to go by. If I were to place him it would be along with Billy Myer, Austin Gibbons and men of that class.

Jack McAuliffe put Hopper out easily in five rounds back in the early '80s, when the latter was fresh and strong, and at the very senith of his fighting career. The Hopper of today isn't the Hopper of seven or eight years ago by a long shot. He has gone back greatly, while McAuliffe is as good a man again as he was then. In fact, McAuliffe was never better than he is today.

The match between Jim Hall and Frank Slavin is not exciting the interest on this that it is on the other side, but a good deal of curiosity prevails to know just what Charlie Mitchell was figuring on when he made the match. Anybody who is anybody over here looks for Slavin to smother Jim. and Peter Jackson told me when in Omaha recently that if Siavin was Siavin, in the merest semblance, he will do this very trick
—smother him. But what if Hall whips his burly countryman; what then? Won't the suspicion of a fake with Fitzsimmons suggest itself? I think so.

There is no new developments relative to the much talked of Johnny Griffin-George Dixon fight, or the Dixon-Smith fight, either. They are both very much in statu quo. Since the Billy Smith-Tom Williams battle—which was a frost so far as financial success is concerned—the Coney Island people have followed Old Smear Kase's advice "to lie still and soc nix." They are not chasing prize fighters with the same enterprise which erstwhile marked their movements, and the probabilities are that the fighter, like the base ball player, is going to be allowed to base ball player, is going to be allowed to do a little hustling.

The big club by the sea has booked another revent, however, to come off some time next month, a finish go between Ike Weir, the erratic Spider, and Johnny Van Heest. The boys come cheap, and while the Smiths, Dixon, Griffin and Dempsey are making up their minds, they just engaged them, and the match will furnish sufficient food for gossip until bigger game drops in the net. until bigger game drops in the net.

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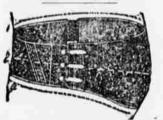
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